

**FREE CAN OF TANGO OFFER INSIDE!**

MARVEL  
29th Oct 88

**THE REAL**

**№20 38p**  
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Industries Inc.

# GH**OST**BUSTERS™



**SOMETHING FIZZY THIS WAY COMES...**





What a great bumper package we've got in store for you this week! Not only are there five great stories crammed inside issue twenty of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, but *Britvic Corona* are offering a **FREE** can of *Tango* sparkling drink to all you readers (see page 16 for details).

This issue holds true to the old adage that you are what you eat...or drink, as the case may be! Peter discovers that you can't have your cake and eat it, when he celebrates his birthday, but not everyone gets into the party spirit, especially Slimer, who seems to be missing out on something in **Slimer's Unbirthday!** Egon has a hair-raising experience in **Hair Today, Egon Tomorrow**. After eating mushroom soup, he realises that things will never be the same again and if you ever wondered what happens to the food that Slimer eats – here is your chance to find out in **Fast Food!** However, it's not just food that causes problems for the phantasmal four. Strange things seem to come from bottling things up in **Demon Drink**, and even stranger things happen in **The Ghoul That Had a Crush on Peter!**

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ

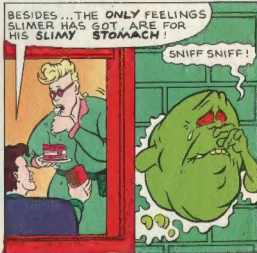
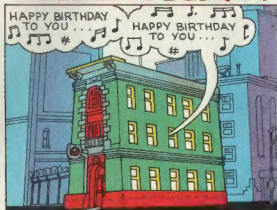


SLIMER



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## SLIMER'S UNBIRTHDAY

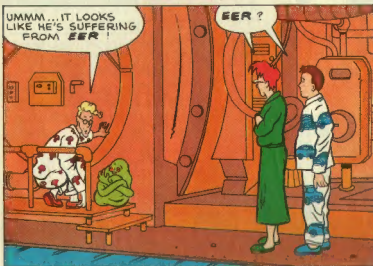




THE MORNING AFTER...



UMMMM...IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S SUFFERING FROM **EER**!



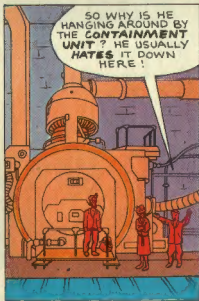
YES...**E.E.R.**...ECTO-EMOTIONAL REMENANCE, THE ABILITY OF NON-MATTER TO WITHOLD AND MANIFEST SPIRITUAL AFFLICTIONS!



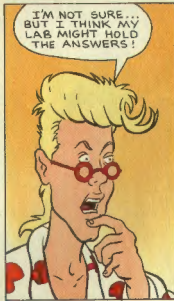
YOU MEAN HE'S **SULKING** BECAUSE HE WAS THROWN OUT OF PETER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!



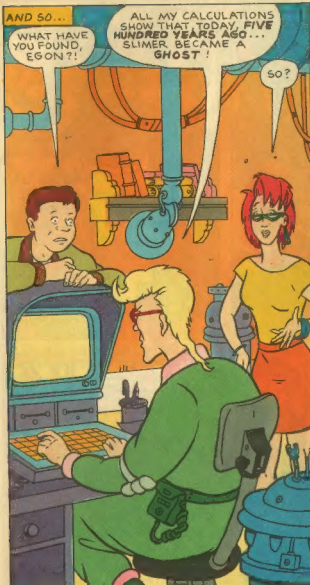
SO WHY IS HE HANGING AROUND BY THE **CONTAINMENT UNIT**? HE USUALLY **HATES** IT DOWN HERE!



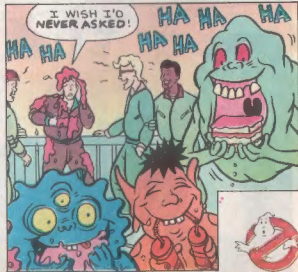
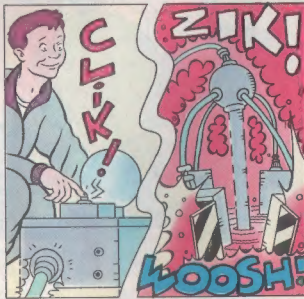
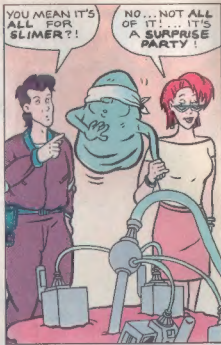
I'M NOT SURE... BUT I THINK MY LAB MIGHT HOLD THE ANSWERS!













# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

### HALLOWE'EN

With every passing of the calendar there is one day that is always associated with spirits from the other side and that is known as All Hallows' Evening, or more commonly ... Hallowe'en!

Falling on the 31st of October, on the eve of All Saints' day, Hallowe'en is considered to be a time of year when the borders separating us from the Supercosmos become particularly thin and the incidence of ghost-related occurrences increases.

Traditional stories depict it as the day that phantoms walk and witches flock together for midnight cabals. In the United States, Hallowe'en is made more colourful by the tradition of Trick or Treat. Small children dress up as ghouls and spooks and run from house to house knocking on doors and crying 'trick or treat!' If the home-owner responds with a treat, such as a bag of monster toffo-scrunch bonbons or a freshly cooked West Pier Pizza, then all well and good. If, however, the plea is ignored, then they perform an 'amusing trick' to get their own back, such as detonating nearby dustbins with a couple of pounds of plastique, tar-and-feathering the cat or setting up a tape player to play 'I should be so lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky ...' everytime the home-owner opens his microwave oven.

Apart from all these quaint traditions, there is a more serious side to Hallowe'en. Just



## PART 20

as popular belief depicts, the day of Hallowe'en does mark a moment of considerable interdimensional weakness. Things can pop through the Supercosmic divide without warning. Can and DO.

So all in all, Hallowe'en is a pretty spooky time. As night approaches, thousands of children across the world go to bed, afraid of what might pop through into our dimension during the night, reminded of course, by countless bedtime stories about phantoms walking the earth.

But here's the really clever bit. Just as the kid is finally falling asleep, his thoughts full of earth-walking phantoms and wishing he hadn't lobbed that last hand grenade into Mr Saeker's fishpond, the Supercosmos really does begin to intrude into our world.

The elements of the Supercosmos that manage to pop through into our realm on Hallowe'en, are the particular

types of Class-three spirit that delight in hiding in the back's of cupboards, on the top's of wardrobes, under the bed or in the shadows on the landing.

Nothing nastier than that usually gets through. The one night of the year that you go to bed terrified by every creak of floorboards, rustling curtain, or scratching at the door, the only spooks around are the little ones that do nothing else except creak floorboards, rustle curtains and scratch doors. It is rumoured that Hallowe'en is a very important night in the Supercosmos and that every ghost of any importance, from Class-four up, goes to a big party. Experts believe that the smaller floor-creakers turn up in our world because it's the only night of the year that they can go around scratching at doors without having to worry about bumping into a Class-six who wants to eat the door rather than scratch it.

So, far from being an interdimensional cross-rip of near Biblical proportions, the average Hallowe'en is a pretty quiet time when all the big nasties are off whooping it up in another corner of the Multiverse. All is quiet and serene on Earth, apart from the occasional rustling and scratching, or the sounds of dustbin lids falling from the heavens, or the sounds of Mr Saeker cursing, as he tries to get his goldfish off the roof, or Mrs Walmesley trying to clean up her cat, or the distant, haunting, disembodied sound of Kylie Minogue ...



# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



Why did Dracula help the young vampire?  
*Because he liked to see young blood in the business!*  
— Christopher Bell, Dundee

What is the devil's favourite drink?  
*Demonade!*  
— Sean Gray, Dorset

What's blue and slimy?  
*Slimer holding his breath!*  
— Steven Miller, Cheshire

What is a ghost's favourite day?  
*Moanday!*  
— Jane Cavendish, Potters Bar

Which phantom was a famous painter?  
*Vincent Van Ghost!*  
— Steven Powell, Bristol

Why does a vampire clean his teeth three times a day?  
*To prevent bat breath!*  
— Craig Smith, Swansea

## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 20** Slimer's looking miserable. Everybody thinks he's sulking because it's Peter's birthday and he's left out, but find out the real reason in *Slimer's Un-birthday*. You can also discover what happens to Slimer's food in *Fast Food*. Egon's blond hair is explained in *Hair Today*, *Egon Tomorrow*, and there's even a cautionary tale about *Demon Drink*. As if that weren't enough there's a special Tango offer for **GHOSTBUSTERS'** readers.

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 189** In *Dry Run*, this issue's fantastic, complete story, the fate of two time zones hangs in the balance! While Shockwave is fighting Cyclonus and Scourge one of the most powerful and evil Decepticons of all waits to make an entrance. . .!

☐ **ACTION FORCE 6** Featuring, *As Thick As Thieves*, a prequel to **ACTION FORCE: THE MOVIE**. This action-packed story sees **ACTION FORCE** battling to protect the Broadcast Energy Transmitter, a device of incredible power, which Cobra aim to capture or destroy. Plus, the explosive climax to the **ACTION FORCE/TRANSFORMERS** crossover *Ancient Relics!*

☐ **FLINTSTONES AND FRIENDS 14** There are free badges, stickers and a whole new-look bigger format to the latest issue of **FLINTSTONES AND FRIENDS**. The *Build Bedrock* feature is the Fire Station and Fred and Wilma take the opportunity to pass on the message, 'Yabba Dabba Don't Mess With Fireworks!'. Also all the usual fun with Yogi and Scooby-Doo.

## ON SALE NOW!



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

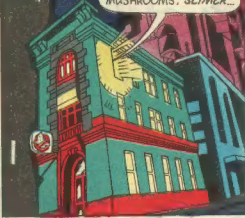
**HAIR**  
Today...  
Egon  
Tomorrow!

JANINE THINKS THAT EGON'S HAIR LOOKS WONDERFUL... ESPECIALLY THE COLOUR... BUT HE WASN'T ALWAYS A NOT-SO-DUMB BLOND!



JUST AFTER THE GHOSTBUSTERS HAD SAVED THE WORLD FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME...

DON'T TOUCH THOSE MUSHROOMS, SLIMER...

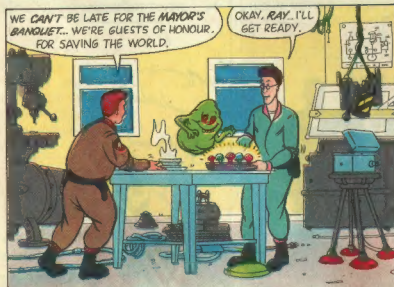


I'M NOT SURE WHETHER THIS NEW BATCH OF LUMI-FUNGI! IS HARMLESS OR NOT!

CORRRR!



HEY, EGON. HURRY UP AND EAT THIS ... IT'S NEARLY TIME TO GET READY!



WE CAN'T BE LATE FOR THE MAYOR'S BANQUET... WE'RE GUESTS OF HONOUR, FOR SAVING THE WORLD.

OKAY, RAY. I'LL GET READY.



YUMMY YUM YUM!







# GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



**Yo! The 'ol fan mail is pouring in! The rest of the guys think that all this adoration is going to my head, but I think I'm just a regular guy who just happens to keep the Post Office in business!**

**Dear Peter. . .**

**Tell Egon to stop using long and incredibly boring and complicated words that go on for ever and ever and give it to us in plain English (sorry, American).  
— Andrew Alexander, Herts**

*It! Okay, only kidding. It's not in Egon's nature to make things simple or straight to the point. He's a scientist and like all scientists, he lives in his own little world. He just assumes that if his mega-brain can understand his peculiar ramblings, then so can the rest of us. I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with it, Andrew — the rest of us have to!*

**I have a question for Slimer. Why do you stay with The**

**Ghostbusters after they tried to bust you in the hotel? If I were you, I would save my skin and get out while the going's good, so why don't you?  
— Christopher Roche, Mid Glamorgan**

*Thanks for your letter, Christopher. I passed your letter onto 'ol slime-features, and his answer was (in his own words) "Me lovvv wovvv Ghostiebusters, they no no bust Slimer!" Good grief! Someone find that spook a speech therapist!*

**What happens to the ghosts inside the Containment Unit?  
— Daniel Ottewell, Derbyshire**

*They stay there! Honestly! Well, Egon would tell you that their ionic structure is altered in order to compress them and hold them in a state of suspended animation. Big Deal! So long as they stay put, I don't care how!*

**Do you get scared when you are busting ghosts?  
— Michael Nelson, Herts**

*Me? Never! The other guys occasionally get a little spooked-out if we come across something particularly nasty, but not me. I'm far too cool!*

**Do your uniforms have a No-ghosts-logos on both sleeves or just on the right one?  
— Paul Chantrell, Cleveland**

*Only on the right one, Paul. We did used to have one on each sleeve, until we were called out in the middle of the night once*

*and it wasn't until Ray tried to slide down the pole that he realised that he'd put his overalls on back to front!*

**How come you're so modest?  
— Ricky White, Hull**

*Anyone who has an iota of the wit, skill, brains, looks and talent that I have, would have to be blessed with the unquestionable, awesome modesty that I, myself possess in gigantic proportions*

**Why do we never hear any more about Dana's apartment in the comic?  
— Zoe Hawkins, Surrey**

*Dana's apartment has never appeared in the comic because she hasn't been troubled by any supernatural nasties since way back when we first met. . . when I first gazed into those hypnotic eyes. . . ahem! Dana's apartment is strictly out of bounds when it comes to the artist's pencil!*

**How often do you clean ECTO-1?  
— Mark Deakin, Birmingham**

*Personally— never! ECTO-1 is Ray's pride and joy so he's the one who keeps it spotless. He usually cleans it three times a week, more often if Slimer's around!*

**What is it like being slimed?  
— Steven Cutts, Walton-on-Thames**

*Oh, man! Do you really want me to answer that? It's gross! It's disgusting! It's a real stomach-wrencher!*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**



# THE GHOUL THAT HAD A CRUSH ON PETER!



Story DAN ABNETT Ⓢ Art MARTIN GRIFFITHS Ⓢ Lettering HEL



Neddie Trumple went to the fridge for the thirteenth time that afternoon. With practised ease, and despite the unfathomable October heat, he pulled the thirteenth can of Smacksie's Diet Cherry Crush from the shrink wrap, flipped it in the air, hooked his finger in the ring-pull and licked his lips in anticipation. It sure was a hot afternoon. He sure did need at least thirteen cans of Cherry Crush to cool himself down. He sure was looking forward to this. He pulled the ring. With a roar that usually accompanies macho surfers in aftershave commercials, something erupted out of the can like a fountain, something that was made of flickering green light and spray, and carried on upwards, defying the laws of gravity that even the most shaken-up Cherry Crush usually obeys.

"Doggone. . ." muttered Neddie.

The demonic fountain formed a face and smiled back.

"Smacksie's. Aren't they the ones who 'Share a Crush with a friend, doobey doobey yeah'?" asked Peter, leaning from the passenger window to read the sign, as ECTO-1 swung into the forecourt of the Smacksie International Canning Plant, Pittsburg.

"Nah," replied Winston from the wheel. "Smacksies are the ones with 'Shadoo! Shadoo! Gimme that Crush, I love it so much!'"

"Surely that should be 'mush'?" said Egon from behind the book he was studying.

"Whatever" said Peter. "But my favourite ad is the one with the guy in his apartment, and the girl from the next flat comes in and asks for a diet crush and he goes out the window and across town in the rain just to get her one because he's right out of them at that moment but doesn't want her to know. . ."

"Surely he could have offered her a coffee or mineral water instead?" remarked Egon as the car stopped.

"Can it, Egon!" said Peter, leaping out of the car. "Hey! Get it? 'Can it!'"

"What's the score, Egon?" asked Winston, as they strolled towards the Canning Plant entrance.

Egon looked grave, "There have been seventeen reported cases in the last week from all over the country of Smacksie's Soft

Drink Products unleashing demonic apparitions when opened. All the cans come from here. We have to find the cause."

"And maybe get to meet that girl from the next flat in the advert! Boy, I'd sure run across town in the rain to get her a diet crush. . ." Peter looked thoughtfully into space.

"My diagnosis" said Egon "is that it's a Pressure-composite Gestalt."

"No, man," replied Winston, "He's just in love again."

"I'm refering to the factory's problem," explained Egon patiently, "not our love-lorn colleague. A Pressure-composite Gestalt is a gaseous apparition composed of multiple ecto-plasmic entities. They're very rare and very dangerous. They are especially fond of high-pressure environments. If one is loose in this canning plant, it would have found an ideal habitat. The demons that have been bursting from soft drink cans recently are merely little parts of the whole that have become detached from the main body and encased in individual cans. We'll just have to find the parent body."

They walked into the main warehousing plant. Row upon row of cans faced them, stack upon stack of Diet Cherry Crush, in 280 millilitre, ring-pull cans, thousand upon hundred thousand of sugar-free soft drinks in piles that stretched the length of the substantial building. "I love the easy jobs," said Winston.

Turning down the fortieth row, surrounded on all sides by walls of gleaming Cherry Crush cans, Peter's initially cheerful "Hold out your hand, find a friend with a Crush. . ." began to be sung through clenched teeth. There was not a murmur from his PKE meter. He thought of the girl from the next flat in the ad. He smiled. He looked at the cliff face of cans, a static tidal wave of imprisoned Cherry Crush poised to surge down and wash him away, and even the girl from the next flat in the ad didn't seem so appealing. He'd even run across town in the rain to get away from a blasted can of Cherry Crush doobey doobey yeah.

"Peter?" Egon's disembodied voice rang down the corridor of pressed aluminium containers. "Peter, I've found something. . ."

The three 'busters congregated at the foot





of a particularly imposing tower of cans. Egon's PKE meter clucked wildly as he swung it towards the stack. "One of the cans—about halfway up," Egon remarked. Winston stepped forward and tried to find some finger and toe holds in the stack with which to heave himself up. He swung for a moment then returned to earth along with about eight or nine hundred cans. The cans crashed and bounced around them, and skittered and rolled off across the floor.

Egon picked up one of the cans as Peter looked up Winston. "This one," he said. This one looked a lot like all the others, except for the fact that the PKE meter got more excited about being near it, than the guy who ran across town in the rain did about the girl from the next flat in the ad.

"One of us has to open it while the other two stand by with the guns and trap," explained Egon slowly so that everyone would understand. After a fair amount of coin-tossing and one potato, two potato and scissors, paper, stone, Peter agreed to hold the can. Egon set up the trap and Winston fired up his Proton Gun. Peter averted his gaze,

hooked his finger in the ring, and thought encouraging thoughts about the girl from the next flat in the ad.

Peter opened the can. Out came a Pressure-composite Gestalt, mighty sore about being shared with a friend, doobey doobey yeah. Egon and Winston started zapping. Just before the Pressure-composite was sucked into the trap, it did a little trick and this is what it did. By altering the ecto-plasmic pressure ratios in the warehouse, it made all the cans of Cherry Crush explode at the same time. All of them. No kidding.

After Peter had said goodbye to the others and got home to his flat, he took a long shower to get rid of the syrupy mess that Cherry Crush becomes after it's been sprayed on your hair and clothes. In the shower he sung the jingles from coffee ads and mineral water commercials. Later, there was a knock at the door. He answered it.

"Sorry to bother you," began the absolutely beautiful girl from the next flat, "do you have any Cherry Crush, I'm right out."

Peter smiled sadly. "Me too," he said as he shut the door in her face.





# THERE'S NO ONE ZANIER IN TRANSYLVANIA!

WINTER SPECIAL



THAT'S MY  
LITTLE  
DUCKY-BOO!

on sale now!  
only 55p



# FANTASTIC OFFER!

Britvic Corona and The Real Ghostbusters, have teamed up to bring you a fantastic special offer. Simply cut out the coupon below and hand it to your local Tango stockist, and in return you'll receive a can of Tango sparkling drink in the flavour of your choice, absolutely **FREE!**



## FREE CAN OF tango

WORTH UP TO 30p

**TO THE CONSUMER:** This coupon entitles you to a free 330ml can of Tango (any flavour) and no other product. Most Tango stockists will accept this coupon. Subject to stock availability. Where the price is less than 30p, no refund for the difference will be given.

**Coupon valid until 31st December 1988**

**TO THE RETAILER:** This coupon will be redeemed by Britvic Corona Ltd. provided you have accepted it in return for a can of Tango (any flavour) and no other product. Britvic Corona Ltd. reserve the right to require proof of purchase or to refuse redemption of defaced, damaged or invalidly redeemed coupons. If you are selling Tango at a price higher than 30p, enclose a covering letter stating your normal selling price. Send coupon to: Britvic Corona Ltd., Dept. 843 (NCH), Corby, Northants NN17 1NN. To arrive no later than 31st March 1989.

Valid only in the UK.

REF: N021905857

## A GREAT OFFER NOT TO BE MISSED!

Do you live in fear? Do you suffer from strange feelings of dread? Are you scared that you'll miss your weekly issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**? Well tremble no more! Now you can have a copy sent straight to your home every week by taking out a subscription to **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**! In addition to this great offer, each subscriber will receive **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS' ANNUAL** absolutely **FREE!** — so don't delay, subscribe today!

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Age: ..... Birthday: .....

Address: .....

Signature of parent/guardian: .....

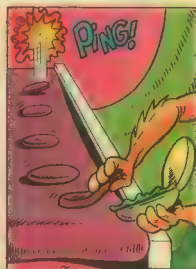
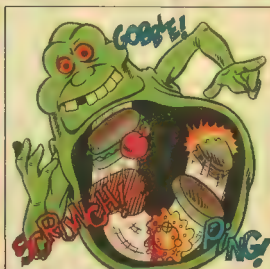
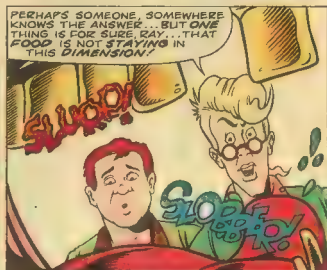
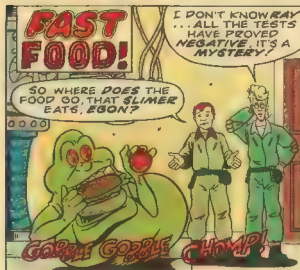
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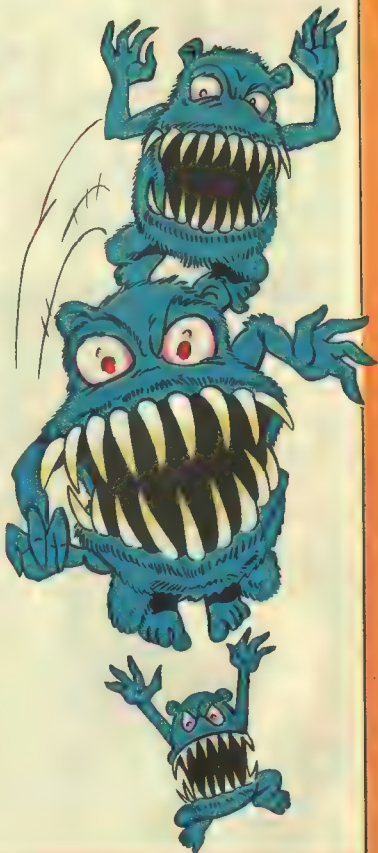
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





# GWAN-ZULUMS

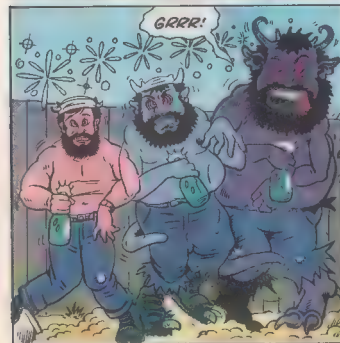
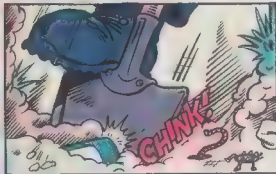
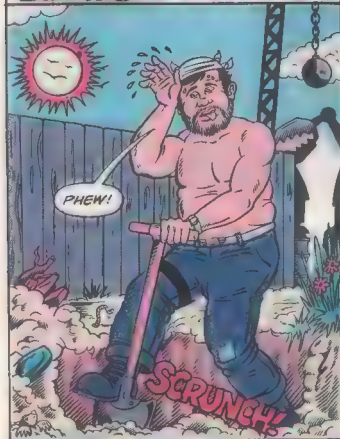
No-one is really sure where these strange beings came from, but most people who encounter them, wish they'd go back! Gwanzulums are about four feet tall, with short but sturdy arms and legs, ending in slightly clawed hands and feet. In their natural state, they are blue and furry with protruding eyes and very sharp teeth, but if you think that makes them pretty easy to recognise, think again! The Gwanzulum's most famous trait, is its ability to change shape. It is different from a changeling in that its metamorphosis is dependent upon having some other creature's memory to steal and that it can assume just about any shape or form, rather than that of a spook or demon. Gwanzulums are deemed unlikeable due to the fact that they tell awful jokes and are grossly stupid.





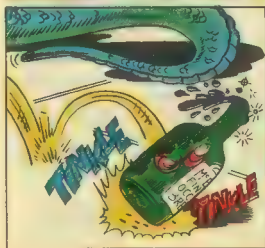
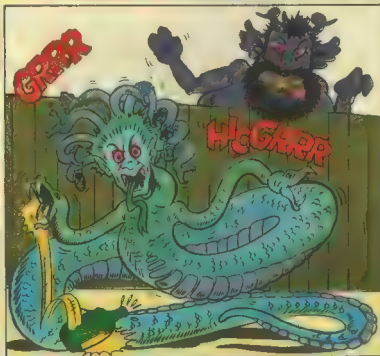
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

**DEMON DRINK!**



Story JOHN CARNELL Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and TIM PERKINS Lettering HEL Co our ng HELEN GRIFFITHS











HALLOWEEN

BIG BAG FULL VALUE



Halloween Big Bag  
Magic Dip In  
Only £1.99 each



Barratts Halloween  
Party Pack  
Only 99p each

Alma Sweetie Stick 75p

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39p  
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Have fun with the Halloween specials from our great kids pic 'n mix range, everything from Vampire Bats and Spooky Spiders to Toads and Silly Slugs.

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American Candy  
Party Pack 350g  
£1.39

Woolworths have got some real horrors in store for this Halloween. Barratts Party Packs, and all sorts of scary surprises in Kids Pic 'n Mix, plus some delicious ghoules and ghosties. And all at prices guaranteed not to scare Mum.



Halloween Milk  
Chocolate Goblins  
25p

Six  
Milk Chocolate  
Ghouls 49p



Alma  
Sweet-Filled  
Hand Puppet  
Only 59p each

**PLUS**

PICK UP AN ENTRY FORM NOW  
AND ENTER OUR FREE HALLOWEEN  
LUCKY DIP COMPETITION.

- ★ Bring your entry form into any Woolworths Store on Saturday, October 29th and you could...
- ★ WIN one of over 100 spooky prizes from the "Witches Cauldron" on display in every store on Saturday, October 29th.
- ★ Lucky Dip commences at 10.00am on Saturday, October 29th and continues while stocks of prizes last.

# HALLOWEEN

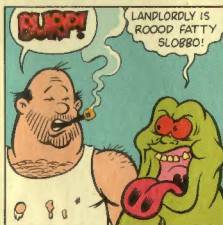
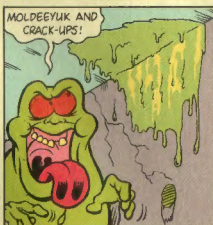
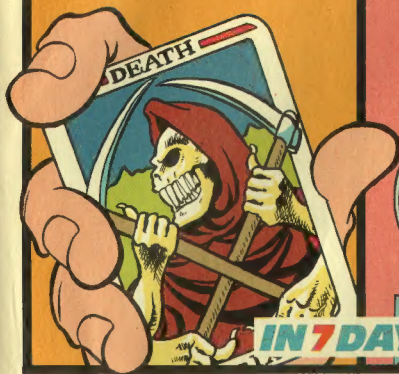
at **WOOLWORTHS**

All items subject  
to availability.  
Some items only  
available at larger  
stores.



IT'S ON THE CARDS...

...AND IN THE LEAVES!





# THE MANTA FORCE MISSION FACES A FIERCE NEW THREAT:

## RED VENOM™



Red Venom

**Nine enemy fighting machines in one deadly attack ship** – that's **Red Venom**. Commanded by the evil Major Vex with his Viper Squad. And programmed to sabotage the Manta Force's search for Earth's twin planet!

**Will The Manta Ship – complete its mission?** This gigantic two-in-one spaceship, with its ten specialised fighting vehicles has travelled light years from earth. Now, having hijacked Red Venom, Major Vex is attacking the mission.



The Manta Ship

### Will reinforcements arrive in time?

Red Hawks, Blue Sharks and Yellow Wolves, complete with fighting vehicles for air, sea or land are on their way! But watch out! Extra Viper troops with rockets have zoomed in to support Major Vex.



Blue Sharks

Red Hawks

Yellow Wolves

Black Vipers

**The battle could go either way. It's up to you to take command.**



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